

The second part of

Imply the countenance and grace of heauen,
As a false fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes dishonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The subiects of his substitute my father,
And both against the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here ypswarnd them.

Bishop Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of Westmerland,
The time misordred doth in common sense,
Crowd vs and crush vs to this monstrous forme,
To hold our safety vp: I sent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our griefe;
The which hath bene with scorne shoued from the court,
Whereon this Hydra, sonne of warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eies may well be charmd asleepe,
With graunt of our most iust, and right desires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maiestie.

Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fal downe,
We haue supplies to second our attempt,
If they miscarry, theirs shal second them,
And so successe of mischief shall be borne,
And heire from heire shall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Prince You are too shallow Hastings, much too shallow,
To found the bottome of the after times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.

Prince I like them all, and do allow them well,
And sweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purposes haue bene mistooke,
And some about him haue too lauishly,

Wrested

Henry the

Wrested his meaning and author
My Lord, these griefes shall be w
Vppon my soule they shal, if this
Discharge your powers vnto thei
As we will ours, and here between
Lets drinke together friendly and
That all their eies may beate those
Of our restored loue and amitie.

Bishop I take your princely wo
I giue it you, and will maintaine m
And therevpon I drinke vnto you

Prince Go Captaine, and del
This newes of peace, let them ha
I know it will well please them, h

Bishop To you my noble lord
West. I pledge your grace, and
I haue bestowed to breed this pr
You would drinke freely, but my
Shall shew it selfe more openly h

Bishop I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it,

Health to my Lord, and gentle

Mow. You wish me health in
For I am on the sodaine somethi

Bishop Against ill chaunces n
But heauineffe fore-runnes the g

West. Therefore be merry co
Serves to say thus, some good th

Bishop Beleue me I am passin

Mow. So much the worse if yo

Prin. The word of peace is re

Mow. This had bin cheereful

Bishop A peace is of the natur

For then both parties nobly are

And neither party looser.

Prince Go my lord,